

IN
THE COMIC OPERA
OF
ROBIN HOOD,

THEATRE-ROYAL.

IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the STRAND.

1784.

[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Robin Hood

Little John

Ruttkin

Fitzherbert

Scarlet

Allen a Dale

Bowman

Edwin

Mr. Bannister

Mr. Quick

Mr. Edwin

Mr. Booth

Mr. Brett

Mr. Davies

Mr. Darley

Mr. Johnstone

W O M E N.

Clorinda

Stella

Margaret

Annette

Angelina

Lasses, Archers, &c.

Mrs. Martyr

Mrs. Kemble

Mrs. Kennedy

Mrs. Wilson

Mrs. Bannister

SCENE. *Sherwood Forest.*



SONNETS, BALLADS, &c.

A C T I.

GLEE. ARCHERS AND LASSES.

IN Sherwood's grove,
The sweets of love,
We'll taste and drink till we're mellow;
With dimpled smiles,
Sly winks and wiles,
Each pretty lass will please her fellow—
Ranting,
Flanting,
Gay gallanting,
Such sporting the like ne'er seen O!
Hey down, derry, derry,
Merry merry archers,
Tripping it on the green O!

CHORUS.

A 2

RUTTEKIN.

RUTTEKIN.

I mend pottles and cans,
 Hoop jugs, patch kettles and pans,
 And over the country trudge it—
 I sing without measure,
 Nor fear loss of treasure,
 And carry my all in my budget.
 Here under the green leav'd bushes,
 O how we'll firk it,
 Capar and jerk it,
 Singing as blithe as thrushes.

I'm not plagu'd with a wife,
 Live free from contest and strife,
 Blow high, blow low—*Ruttekin*, ne'er will
 I eat when I'm hungry, [mind it —
 Drink when I'm dry,
 Join pleasure where-ever I find it.
 Here under the green-wood bushes,
 O how we'll firk it,
 Capar and jerk it,
 Singing as blithe as thrushes.

EDWIN.

Ye pow'rs who make virtue your care,
 O bend from your bowers above;
 Say why should distress and despair,
 Be the constant attendants on love?

Should

Should war with its wide spreading force,
 Of nations the scourge and the curse,
 To ten-fold its rage be encreas'd,
 The torments of lovers are worse.

Da Capo.

DUET. ROBIN AND EDWIN.

The stag through the forest, when rous'd by
 the horn,
 Sore frightened, high bounding, flies wretched,
 forlorn;
 Quick panting, heart bursting, the hounds now
 in view,
 Speed doubles! speed doubles! they eager pur-
 sue.
 But 'scaping the hunters again thro' the groves,
 Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves—
 Not so in his soul who from tyrant love flies,
 The shaft overtakes him, despairing he dies.

MARGARET.

Beat on my heart, eyes pour your tears,
 Corroding grief consumes my years;
 As thou, my girl, I once was glad,
 But now a widow ever sad.

Love made me happy for awhile,
 And then like thee I'd chearful smile;

Now

Now like the willow droops my head,
I mourn a lover husband dead.

ANNETTE.

When the men a courting came,
Flatt'ring with their prittle prattle;
Of their fool'ries I made game,
Rallied with my tittle tattle,
Cooing to me,
Wooing to me,
Teazing of me,
Pleasing of me,
Offering pelf,
Each silly elf,
Came cooing, wooing, bowing to me.

The divine, with looks demure,
Talk'd of tithes and eating plenty;
Shew'd the profits of his cure,
And vow'd to treat me with each dainty.
Cooing to me,
Wooing to me,
Teazing of me,
Pleasing of me,
Offering pelf,
Each silly elf,
Came cooing, wooing, bowing to me.

The learned serjeant of the law
Shew'd his parchments, briefs, and papers;
In his deeds I found a flaw,
So dismiss'd him in the vapours;

Cooing

Cooing to me,
Wooing to me,
Teazing of me,
Pleasing of me,
Offering pelf,
Each silly elf,
Came cooing, wooing, bowing to me.

Physic now display'd his wealth,
With his nostrums, but the fact is,
I resolv'd to keep my health,
Nor die a martyr to his practice.

Cooing to me,
Wooing to me,
Teazing of me,
Pleasing of me,
Offering pelf,
Each silly elf,
Came cooing, wooing, bowing to me.

But at last a swain bow'd low,
Candid, handsome, tall and clever,
Squeez'd my hand—I can't tell how,
But he won my heart for ever.

Cooing to me,
Wooing to me,
Easing of me,
Pleasing of me,
He has no pelf
Yet for himself,
I sent all other wooers from me.

B A L L A D. ANGELINA.

I travers'd Judah's barren sand,
 At beauty's altar to adore;
 But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
 And Sion's daughters were no more.

In Greece, the bold imperious mein,
 The wanton look, the leering eye,
 Bade love's devotion not be seen,
 Where constancy is never nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair shore,
 I bent my never ceasing way,
 And to Loretta's temple bore,
 A mind devoted still to pray.

But there, too, superstition's hand
 Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
 And made me soon regain the land,
 Where beauty fills the western shore.

Where Hymen with celestial pow'r
 Connubial transport doth adorn;
 Where purest virtue sports the hour
 That ushers in each happy morn.

Ye daughters of old Albion's isle,
 Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
 O charity's sweet children smile,
 To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

- I A D

CLORINDA.

CLORINDA.

The trump of fame your name has breath'd,
 Its praise is sounded far and near ;
 Stout Little John, with laurel wreath'd,
 Has reach'd each dame, and damsel's ear ;
 But 'tis not you—bold Robin Hood,
 I come to seek, with bended bow ;
 That man of might,
 I fain would fight,
 And conquer with my—Oh, ho, ho !

Through frost and snow,
 Though cold winds blow,
 I never fail,
 In rain or hail,
 Though thunders roll,
 From pole to pole,
 To conquer with my—Oh, ho, ho !
 With bended bow,
 The buck or doe,
 I never fail,
 Through rain or hail,
 Though thunders roll,
 From pole to pole,
 To conquer with my—Oh, ho, ho !

BALLAD. EDWIN.

Her hair is like a golden clue,
 Drawn from Minerva's loom ;
 Her lips carnations dropping dew,
 Her breath is a perfume.—

T O A

B

Her

Her brow is like the mountain snow,
 Gilt by the morning-beam;
 Her cheeks like living roses glow,
 Her eyes like azure stream.

Adieu! my friend, be me forgot,
 And from thy mind defac'd;
 But may that happiness be thine,
 Which I can never taste.

G L E E.

In greenwood shade, or winding dell,
 We merry maids and archers dwell;
 In quiet, free from worldly strife,
 We pass a chearful rural life,
 And by the moon's pale quiv'ring beams,
 We frisk it near the chrystal streams.

Our station's near the King's highway,
 We rob the rich, the poor to pay;
 The woe-worn wretch we still protect,
 The widow—orphan—ne'er neglect—
 Fat churchmen, proud, we cause to stand,
 And whistle for our steady band.

A C T

A C T II.

B A L L A D. M A R G A R E T.

ONCE I was, though now I'm sad,
As the springing season glad,
E'er beheld in its domain,
Or fair summer in her train,
Or rich autumn in his year;
Sing I could, as sky-lark clear,
E'er alas! in grief I tell,
Into chains of love I fell.

But now silent must I be;
Pity me, maids, pity me;
Pity me, since he's no more,
Beauteous swain of Avon's shore.

Woods that wave the mountain tops,
O'er whose moss the tit-mouse hops;
Tell my tale to rustling gales,
Fountains weep it through the vales,
And, with her own sorrow faint,
Let sad Echo join my plaint,
Since I've lost my brightest lad
That e'er made a virgin glad.

Now

Now all mournful must I be ;
 Pity me, maids, pity me ;
 Pity me, for he's no more,
 Beauteous swain of Avon's shore:

*From an Irish Ballad, entitled "The MAID of AGNA-
 VORE."*

CLORINDA.

When ruddy Aurora awakens the day,
 And bright dew-drops impearl the flowers so gay,
 Sound, sound, my stout archers—sound horns,
 and away

With arrows sharp-pointed we go.
 See Sol now arises in splendor so bright,
 Io Pæan—for Phœbus who leads to delight,
 All glorious illumin'd now rises to fight ;
 'Tis he, boys, is god of the bow.

Fresh roses we'll offer at Venus's shrine ;
 Libations we'll pour to Bacchus divine ;
 While mirth, love, and pleasure, in junction com-
 bine

For archers, true sons of the game.

Bid sorrow adieu, in soft numbers we'll sing,
 Love, friendship and beauty,—make the air ring,
 Wishing health and success to our country and
 king,

Encrease to their honour and fame.

SCARLET.

SCARLET.

If to me she'd grant the blessing
 To possess her virgin love;
 Never more would I, transgressing,
 From my rural maiden rove;
 With affections sweet caressing,
 I'd to STELLA constant prove—
 So closely should our hearts entwine,
 She'd not know her own from mine.

STELLA.

You swear your heart beats with love's pain;
 But I believe your vows are breath'd in vain.
 For fore I fear that you'd deceive me,
 For fore I fear that you'd deceive me.

Then I'd no longer seek the plain,
 The rural sports, gay dance, and jocund strain.
 Those cheering scenes would only grieve me,
 Those cheering scenes would only grieve me.

Fatal are wolves to fleecy flocks,
 To soldiers war, to seamen hidden rocks;
 To maidens love—you may believe me,
 To maidens love—you may believe me.

RUTTEKIN.

RUTTEKIN.

Margaritta first possest,
 I remember well, my breast,
 With my row, dow, dow, derro;
 With my restless heart next play'd
 Martha, wanton, floe-ey'd maid,
 With her tantarara ro.

She to Catharine gave place,
 Kate to Betsey's am'rous face,
 With my, &c.
 Mary then, and gentle Anne,
 Both to reign at once began,
 With their, &c.

Jenny next—a tyrant she,
 But Rebecca set me free,
 With my, &c.
 In a week from her I fled,
 And took Judith in her stead,
 With her, &c.

She possess'd a wond'rous grace,
 But she wanted Susan's face,
 With my, &c.
 Isabella's rolling eye
 Eclips'd Susan's presently,
 With her, &c.

Brown skinn'd Bess I next obey'd,
 Then lov'd Nanny, red hair'd maid,
 With my, &c.

None

None could bind me, I am free,
 Yet love all the fair I see,
 With my row, dow, dow, derro,
 Tantarara rara, ro.

ROBIN HOOD.

When the chill Sirocco blows,
 And winter tells a heavy tale,
 When pies, and daws, and rooks, and crows,
 Do sit and curse the frost and snows,
 Then give me ale,
 Old brown,
 Stout brown,
 Nut brown,
 O give me stout brown ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
 Such as will make Grimalkin prate,
 Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
 Quickens the poet's wit and pen.
 Despises fate—
 Old brown,
 Stout brown,
 Nut brown,
 O give me stout brown ale.

Ale that the plowman's heart up keeps
 And equals it to tyrant's thrones,
 That wipes the eye that overweeps,
 And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps

Th'

Th' o'erwearied bones—

Old brown,

Stout brown,

Nut brown,

O give me nut brown ale.

Grand child of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter;

Wine's emulous neighbour, if but stale;

Ennobling all the nymphs of water,

And filling each man's heart with laughter.

Oh! give me ale,

Old brown,

Stout brown,

Nut brown,

O give me stout brown ale.

*This song is taken from an excellent collection just published
by JOHNSON.*

CLORINDA.

The flame of love asswages,

When once it is reveal'd;

But fiercer still it rages

The more it is conceal'd;

Consenting makes it colder,

When met it will retreat,

Repulses make it bolder,

And dangers make it sweet.

From the collection of songs published by JOHNSON.

ROBIN

ROBIN HOOD.

As burns the charger when he hears
 The trumpet's martial sound ;
 Eager to scour the field he rears,
 And spurns th' indented ground—
 He snuffs the air—erects his flowing main,
 Scents the big war, and sweeps along the plain.
 Impatient thus, my ardent soul
 Bounds forth on wings of wind,
 And spurns the moments as they roll
 With lagging pace behind.

Da Capo.

ALLEN A DALE.

Chearful, as the birds in May,
 Is the mind devoid of love,
 Calm and serene,
 As th' evening scene,
 When Philomel chaunts in the grove.
 But when Cupid, fly, rogueish and fickle,
 With poison envenoms his dart,
 Though first with the feather he'll tickle,
 At last strikes the barb through the heart.

STELLA.

Seducing love, whose magic skill,
 Whose melting pleasure, painful thrill,
 Can soothe, or charm, or mad the mind ;
 C With

With pity smile upon thy slave,
 Thy vot'ry's heart from torture save,
 O, tyrant deity be kind!

SCARLET.

I love thee, by heaven, what can I say more,
 Then set not my passion a cooling ;
 If thou yield'st not at once I must e'en give thee
 o'er,
 For I'm but a novice at fooling :
 What my love wants in words it shall make up
 in deeds,
 Then why should we waste time in stuff, child?
 A performance you know well a promise ex-
 ceeds,
 And a word to the wise is enough, child.

From JOHNSON'S collection.

G L E E.

Hark ; the leafy groves resounding,
 Echo to the bugle horn ;
 Swift the stag, with vigour bounding,
 Leaps the break and clears the thorn.

Ev'ry art his cunning trying,
 Shafts arrest his eager flight ;
 High he leaps, the hounds full crying,
 Takes the foil, now's out of sight.

Da Capo.

Twanging bows, fell death pursuing,
Now he rears, weeps, turns his head ;
Bays the dogs, but-nought from ruin,
Nought can save, pants, falls—he's dead.

Sound the horn, huzza in chorus,
We are free from care, my boys ;
Rural pleasures lie before us,
Health, and length, and strength of joys:

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

C 2

A C T

A C T III.

ANGELINA.

OH nightingale, who on the blooming spray,
Was blest at eve, when all the woods were still,
Thou with fresh hopes the lover's heart doth
fill :

While jolly hours lead on propitious May—
Thy languid notes, which close the eyes of day,
First heard before shallow cuckows bill,
Portend success in love with thy soft lay.

The words from MILTON.

B A L L A D. EDWIN.

Since all my hopes, dear maid,
Are blown to air,
And my fond heart's betray'd
To sad despair ;
Here, in this wilderness,
My sorrows I'll rehearse,
And thy hard-heartedness,
Thou cruel fair.

Wild

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
 I'll drink the spring,
 Cold earth shall be my feat—
 For covering
 The starry studded sky
 My head shall canopy,
 Until my soul on high
 Doth take her wing.

No bell, no fun'ral fire,
 No tears for me;
 No grave do I desire,
 No obsequie;
 The gentle red-breast, he
 With leaves shall cover me,
 And sing my elegy
 Most dolefully.

RUTTEKIN.

We'll seek the bow'r of Robin Hood,
 And keep his bridal day,
 For chearfully in blithe Sherwood
 Bridesmen and bridesmaids play.
 Then follow me, my bonny lads,
 And we'll the pastimes see,
 For the minstrels sing,
 And the sweet bells ring,
 And they feast right merrily.

The humming beer flows round in pails,
 With mead that's stout and old,
 And am'rous virgins tell love tales,
 To thaw the heart that's cold.

Then

Then follow me, my bonny lads,
 And we'll the pastimes see,
 For the minstrels sing,
 And the sweet bells ring,
 And they feast right merrily.

There dancing sprightly on the green,
 Each light-foot lad and lass,
 Sly-stealing kisses, when unseen,
 And gingling glafs for glafs.
 Then follow me, my bonny lads,
 And we'll the pastimes see,
 For the minstrels sing,
 And the sweet bells ring,
 And they feast right merrily.

LITTLE JOHN.

The lasses are mad, the archers are mad,
 For nimbly footing the ground, fir,
 In merry Sherwood no soul shall be sad,
 While harps with melody sound, fir.
 In merry Sherwood, &c.

We'll tipple till mad, then madly sing
 Madrigals, catches, and glees, fir—
 Chaunt out like mad till the welkin ring,
 Under the mistletoe-trees, fir.
 Chaunt out, &c.

We

We fight like mad, when we fall on our foes,
 Shoot arrows wing'd like the wind, fir—
 The fat fallow deer can't escape our bows,
 Nor in swiftness safety find, fir.
 The fat, &c.

Then madly we'll sing, and madly we'll dance,
 And madly all roar out, fir,
 And madly make our enemies prance,
 If mad to try a 'bout, fir.
 And madly, &c.

Brave Scarlet is mad—stout Allen is mad,
 And John's as mad as the best, fir;
 Maidens run mad, our hearts are glad;
 Stark mad shall be ev'ry guest, fir.
 Maidens run, &c.

ANNETTE.

They call me honest Harry O,
 Molly I will marry O,
 In spite of Nell,
 Or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary O—
 With my rigdum, jigdum airy O,
 I love little Mary O,
 In spite of Nell,
 Or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary O.—

Straight she is and bonny O,
 Sweet as sugar-candy O,

Fresh

Fresh and gay,
As flow'rs in May,
And I'm her jack-a-dandy O,
With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

Soon to church I'll bring her O,
Where we'll wed together O,
And that done,
Then we'll have fun,
In spite of wind or weather O.
With my rigdum jigdum, &c.

DUET. EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine?

No never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.
She — Breaks Angelina's too —

The Words by GOLDSMITH.

RUTTEKIN.

Don't shill-I, shall-I,
Nor with love rally,

Wilt

Wilt be my wife?
 If thou'rt but willing,
 With thee each shilling
 I'll share through life.
 With tippling and rattling,
 And smiling babes prattling,
 Like mamma pretty,
 Like daddy witty,
 Heart light as feather,
 We'll trip together,
 From vil to city.

My heart so jolly,
 From melancholy
 Is always free.
 Sweet recreation,
 Without vexation,
 I'll find for thee;
 Coats, caps, and fine kirtles,
 With posies and myrtles,
 And gowns so gay.
 At wakes you'll foot it,
 Skip, reel, and cut it,
 Spruce queen of may.

Then make me happy
 With flingo nappy,
 I'll chear your mind.
 Alas with gazing,
 My poor heart's blazing;
 Your hand—be kind.
 I'm burning to cinder;
 My wishes like tinder,
 The spark of your eyes—
 Now kindles fire in;
 O with desiring,
 Your true love dies.

D

MARGARET.

MARGARET.

Friendship claims the name of love,
Gentle perturbation cease;
Tender passion I discover,
Hence with care and welcome peace,
When close pressing,
Fond caressing,
Shall I answer no?
When with smiling,
Sorrow beguiling,
Can I bid you go?

F I N A L E.

SCARLET AND STELLA.

Let the music sprightly play,
This is Hymen's holiday;
Smiling virtues him await,
Guardian of the married state.

CHORUS. Let the Music, &c.

MARGARET AND ALLEN.

Roseat god of soft desire,
Mirth and wit, and song inspire;
Each fond heart elate with joy,
Honest love can never cloy.

CHORUS. Let the, &c.

ANGELINA.

ANGELINA AND EDWIN.

Dimpled innocence appear,
Free from sorrow, void of fear;
Thy fair sister bring with thee,
Captivating modesty.

CHORUS. Let the, &c.

CATCH.—FRIER, RUTTEKIN AND JOHN.

Fill the foaming horn up high,
Nor let tuneful lips be dry;
Let the brimming goblet smile,
Blood-red wine our cares beguile.

ROBIN AND CLORINDA.

Strains of liberty we'll sing,
To our country, queen, and king;
To those friends, who often here,
With their smiles our bosoms cheer.

CHORUS. Strains of, &c.

F I N I S.

(2)

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM

